

C4/C346

2 Balmoral Terrace
St. Vincent Place S.
S. Melbourne
11 - Aug - 1885

My dear Mr. Clark

The determination to write you has been among my good resolutions for some time past, and I must confess I have been very laggard in carrying out my resolve. I lately saw a letter from Andrew to Mr. Gill, in which an interesting announcement was made affecting his marital relations, which prompted me to write to you at once.

Allow me to felicitate you and Andrew on the appearance of No. 5; and I sincerely trust that in the language of the newspaper notices, "mother and child are both doing well"

My information about the little stranger is very meagre, as it does not go beyond the fact that he is a boy. I am, therefore boyed up with the hope that you will graciously give this exile a few further particulars as to his appearance and manners. I am also curious to know what you are going to label him, although, by my putting it in this way, you might incline to the idea that I thought he ought to be "Jammy". I am getting rusty on the subject of infants. I never hear their soothing cries; I never press my lips on their very damp mouths; I never show proud, and rather anxious mothers what an adept an old 'bachelor' can be in the ancient art of "nussing" like the little boy who fell out

of the balloon, I am not in it.
What remains? One must pet
something! I lavished my emotion
on a Borneo monkey for some time.
She was amiable and good looking,
and by way of contrast I called
her "Calvin" - I had dreamed
about "Calvin" which I have
expressed in letters to the circle.
Alas! Calvin died, and looked
painfully like a dead baby when
I buried her in the Balmoral
Cemetery alongside a Babblycock
who had gobbled his last a
few days previously. Monkey and
Turkey side by side. Two keys that
rust in the selfsame lock - the
dark and silent grave. Then came
to me a black cat with white paws
and eyes not like the gazelle's, for
they were green and fierce. It came
to me strangely one night as I was
mooning by the fire in the sitting-room.
It came and sat by me on the hearth
rug - No one had seen her before -
but she be Calvin transfigured?
This is a profound thought. I must

respect this sable intruder, albed
I have misgivings. She has a fine
pedigree for she is descended from
the ancient Battylane, and she has
the wonderful power of getting
four feet into a yard! often
we look into the fire together
and sometimes she looks up and
slowly closes one eye at me
as much as to say "Fine pictures,
aren't they? but it's only burning
~~calls~~ coals, and see how they all
go off in smoke. I know, I know.
I'm a wise cat I am!"

While I think about it, I
must tell you a curious dream I
had last Wednesday night, the narration
of which may amuse you. I found
myself in Hobart coming down
Campden Road in a direction
which I have so often and
happily travelled and when I
came opposite "Rosebank" I stayed
my steps and looked up at the
house. It had a strange

were look to me, and the
blinds were all down, although
it was daytime, and a dread
came upon me that death
had come to the house, but
to whom I knew not. Then I
noticed that some of the —
neighboring houses likewise had
their blinds down. At this moment
a young woman came out and
stood at the door of Hewitt's
house, and I made towards her
to ask her whether anything was
the matter in your house — just
as I was crossing the street the
blind of the front window nearest
the lane waved backwards and
I saw your face, and it had
a real good welcoming smile
on it. I moved toward the

house with a strange sense of
having been a long time
away; and, suddenly, I saw
you running down the steps
and into the street, and your
face had a girlish youth, and
your hair floated round your
head in wonderful profusion,
like one of Burne Jones' heroines.
You marvelled that I had been
away so long, and seemed
half-amused at my
constraint and hesitation; for
I stood half happy, half
moued. At this point Mr.
Ivey suddenly appeared, and
in a very kind manner
presented me with two very
large loaves of bread, baked

in a curious twisted shape,
and tied up in a large
red cotton handkerchief.

Then he gave them to me
he made a pun which
I may be pardoned for
not recollecting. We then
started a talk on Spiritualism
in which you behaved a
good deal more interested than
Mr Ivey who yawned rather
cynically at times. Then
I found myself with Mr
Ivey alone, with a sense
of being in Melbourne,
and going to my office.

Mr I had now woke
up into much talkativeness,
and walked very slowly.
I had a sense of impatience
because I thought it was
approaching 3 o'clock ^{and I was late,} and
the curious loaves which I
shall carved were heavy.
Suddenly I woke to ~
realities, and heard the
deep-mouthed bell of the
South Melbourne Town
Hall boom out the hour
of 3 a.m.



I learn from all sources that the Winter has been a very bitter one in Tasmania this year. That succession of hard frosts unrelieved by rain, must have been 'terrible'. Over here the weather from the beginning of June to the end of July was sufficiently frightful - the cold here is a wretched sensation, and wet and wintry Melbourne is the acme of misery. Then we had a number of extraordinarily thick fogs - sometimes of a night you had to absolutely feel your way about, and every passenger and every vehicle went at a funeral pace, and a strange stillness reigned over everything - there was a highly fashionable complaint going about for a good time called the "Fog Fever" I did not get it; but if I ever I do I'll let you know the symptoms.

No. 2 Balmoral Terrace has no history and like Malins similarly circumstanced, is happy. The 5 maiden sisters (!) who rule our destinies are particularly attentive and agreeable, and everything is done on a fairly liberal scale and with great precision and neatness. My fellow lodgers are 8 in number. There are two ladies, an old lady named Mrs Thomas and her daughters. Both of them are great pietists of the Calvinistic type - extreme protestants of the Orange Society order - the daughter is a good musician, and fairly well read, but looks at liberal thought with a most consuming prejudice, and as for the old lady - well, she groans over me mostly - sometimes, however, we have a passage at arms when she waxes a bit furious, and the daughter chimes in too. This is warm work

for me as I have no supporters -
Some very hard things are flashed
out on these occasions; but we
manage to remain on polite terms,
for general purposes - The other
lodgers, are a merantile clerk,
two engineers, an explorer, an
accountant and an Englishman who
superintends sheep and stock sales.
The two last are peculiar individuals
and decidedly ^{young} eccentric. The
accountant is a Victorian and
comes from a swell family at
St. Kilda. He is slightly deaf, and
makes a splendid variety of
loud noises at meals and every
other time. One of his favourite
diversions is to suddenly stand on
his head straight up against the
wall of the room. He plays the
flute well, and sings a good deal.
His voice is strong and immelodious
and worries the Explorer (who
is a Scotchman) excessively - so much
so, that he goes out and explores
for some "whuskey".

On Sundays the singing and music are strictly sacred, the sitting room being principally devoted to Moody & Sankey. However we get along pretty well. Occasionally there is a "kick up" in the shape of a party, and a lot of damsels visit us and music and dancing ^{and singing} and eating and drinking go far into the night - There are plenty of humors in these scenes.

I have been very little out of Melbourne since I came back from Hobart. The trip to Ballarat was an extremely enjoyable one. I regret that Mill's state of health does not permit him to go abroad much, and this has prevented several little trips which would have freshened us both up. The next place I meditate going to is Lippeland as far as Urraguel where I have a paternal uncle, who I think knows nothing of my existence either here or anywhere else.

From certain enquiries I have made I am led to believe that he is a good sort of fellow, but that his wife is a dragon - a rancimonious dragon. How long are these dreadful people to blot the sunlight?

Miss Gill has had a lift in the literary way. She has been fortunate enough to attract the attention of a Mr F. W. H. Adams at present of the Sydney University. This gentleman is a highly cultured individual and an intimate friend of Matthew Arnold. He wrote spontaneously to her, and she has allowed me to read some of his letters. Something in her writings has greatly attracted him, and he evidently intends to stand by her. I am glad of this, because she has hitherto been very lonely and slighted in her literary endeavors.

I want you to administer a blowing up to Brother William Brown for his extreme reticence, in his

Last letter to me, on the subject of
the 4th July Dinner. It was dreadfully
scrappy. Walter and I were looking
out for quite a good time when
we got the report, but we left off
the penual very hungry. The
secret of interesting one placed as
I am is to talk of matters
which appear to you very
ordinary and valueless for a letter.
This hits like a pellet - then
the new boy has a gigantic cry
on a certain evening when W.B.
is in Belleville St. he is to be
immediately sent for and made to
morse that boy. That's the way to
beat an uncommunicative swain.

Of myself I have not much
to tell you - My health in the
main, keeps up very well, and
the climate appears to agree with
me. About a month ago I went
up with my fellow lodger, the
explorer, to have a Turkish Bath

to see what effect it would have
on a cold that had been
haunting me for some time. On
being weighed after the bath
and without any clothes on, I
turned the scale at 11. st. 9.
In view, therefore, of the time when
I must partake once more of
your hospitality, it would be
advisable to have a semicircle
sawn out of the dining room
table on the immediate left-hand
of Andrew's seat - One of the new-
features in my life here is that
I generally go to Church on a
Sunday in the morning - Our
Archpriest Mr Walters is very active
just now. For the morning service
he has commenced a series of
addresses beginning with the Creation.
Beyond the fact that Mr & Mrs Webster
arrived safely in London I have
nothing to report of them. You will
no doubt know that Mr Gammon is
about to leave Sydney for England.

I want you to convey "Budder
Joe's" love to Emmy and Alec &
anew. If I were to send it to you
he would probably have a very
vague idea of what it all meant.
Nevertheless I send it to him.
Please tell them I did not feel able
to write them something this time
but I hope to do so next time.
Doppie Simpson is quite well. I
had a new sweetheart lately. She
came and stopt with her aunts
at the house for a good time.
Her name is Birdie Carpenter.
She is about as old as Dopper.
She has a very fair complexion.
Her hair is almost white. She has
left no know, and I am left alone
once more with the shade of Calvin.

Give my kind regards and
remembrances to the Macmillans and to
others who may give me a thought
sometimes. Give the same to Brothers
Gaurie & William and tell the latter I will
answer his last welcome letter ere long.

With unchanged feelings towards
you and Andrew Believe me with best

wishes, say, my kindest
With affectionate regards
your sincere friend

J. H. H.

P.S.

Just as I am about to post
this I am in receipt ^{of a letter} from
Andrew - As a partial reply to
his I enclose a receipted ac
of Maxwell the Law. Publisher.
Please tell him I have enquired
at Mullens about Gesta Christi,
and on looking over their books
of humour, they find they have
none at a reduced price - they
have copies for sale at the
higher price - 12/6.

So no more at this present.

J.S.W.